

of King HENRY the Second, and the Miller of Mansfield, and how he was Entertained and Lodged at the Miller's House, and of their pleasant Communication. To the Tune of, The French Levallie, &c.

HENRY our Royal King would ride a hunting,
to the green forest so pleasant and fair,
To take the hart chased, and dainty does tripping,
unto merry Sherwood his Nobles repair;
Hawk and hound was unbound, all things prepar'd,
For the hunt, to the game, with good regard.
All a long summer's day, rode the King pleasantly,
with all his Wyntes and Nobles each one;
Chasing the hart, and hind, and the buck gallantly,
till the dark evening forc'd him to turn home:
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite,
All his Lords in the wood, late in dark night;
Wandering thus warily, all alone up and down,
with a rude Miller he met at the last:
Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham,
Sir, quoth the Miller, your way you have lost:
But I think, what I think, truth for to say,
You do not wale ride out of your way.
Why, what dost thou think of me? qu. our K. merrily,
passing thy judgment upon me to jest.
Good faith, said the Miller, I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to be but some Gentleman thief;
Stand thee back in the dark, light thee not down,
Lest that I presently crack thy Anabe's crown.
Thou hast abus'd me much, qu. the King, saying thus,
I am a Gentleman, and lodging I lack.
Thou hast not, qu. the Miller, one goat in thy purse,
all thy inheritance hangs on thy back.
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence I will pay all.
If thou beest a True-man, then quoth the Miller,
I swear by my tole-bish I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the King, that was I ever.
Raycos, qu. the Miller, thou may'st be a Spyght;
Better I'll know thee, e'er hands I will take;
With none but honest men hands will I shake.
Thus they went all along unto the Miller's house,
where they were feeding of puddings and soule;
The Miller first entred in, then after him the King,
never came he in so moony a house:
Now (quoth he) let me see here what you are.
Quoth our King, Look you fill, and do not spare.
I like thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,
with my Son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, By my troth it is a handsom Youth,
yet it is best (husband) for to deal warily:
Art thou not a run-away, prythee Youth tell?
Shew me thy passport and all shall be well.
Then our King presently, making low courtesie,
with his hat in his hand thus he did say,
I have no passport, nor never was such for,
but a poor Courtier rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered me,
I will requite it in every degree.
Then to the Miller, his wife whispered secretly,
saying, It seems this Youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and by his manners,
so turn him out certainly 'twere a great sin.
Yea, quoth he, you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speak to his betters in place.

Well, qu. the Miller's wife, young Pan welcome here,
and though I say it, well lodg'd thou shalt be,
Fetch straw I will have, laid on thy bed so brade,
good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth she.
Ay, quoth the good man, and when that is done,
You shall lye with no worse then our own Son.
Say first, quoth Richard, Goodfel ow tell me true,
hast thou no creepers within thy gay hose?
Art thou not troubled with the scabbard?
I pray, quoth our King, what things are these?
Art thou not lowly, nor rabby? quoth he,
If thou beest, surely thou ly'st not with me.
This caus'd the King and only to laugh most heartily,
till the tears trickled down from his eyes;
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
with a hot bag-pudding and good apple-pies;
Pappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
which did about the board merrily trowl.
Here, quoth the Miller, Goodfellow I'll drink to thee,
and to all Courtiers wher-e'er they be.
I'll pledge you, quoth our King, and thank you heartily
for your good welcome in every degree;
And here in like-manner I'll drink to your Son.
Do so, quoth Richard, but quies let it come.
Wille, quoth the Miller, fetch me forth light-foot,
that one of his sweetnels a little may taste;
A fair hempen-pasty, then brought she forth presently:
Eat, quoth the Miller, but Sir make no waste:
Here's dainty light-foot, in faith, said our King,
I never before did eat so dainty a thing.
I wis (said Richard) no daintier at all it is,
for we do eat of it every day;
In what place, said our K. may he bought like to this?
We never pay penny for it by say:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here.
Now and then we make bold with our King's deer:
Then I think, said our King, that it is venison.
Each fool (quoth Richard) shall well may see that;
Never are we without two or three under the roof,
very well stiched and excellent fat:
But prythee say nothing where'er thou go,
We would not for two-pence the King should it know.
Doubt not, then said the King, my promis'd secret,
the King shall never know more on't for me.
A cup of lambs-wool they drank unto him then,
and to their beds they past presently:
The Nobles next morning went all up and down,
for to seek out the King in every town.
At last at the Miller's house won they espied him plain,
as he was mounting upon his fair steed,
To whom they came presently, calling upon their
which made the Miller's heart woefully bleed;
Shaking and quaking before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood:
The King perceiv'ing him fearful and trembling,
drew forth his sword and nothing he said,
The Miller down did fall, crying before them all,
doubting the King would have cut off his head
But his kind courtesie for to requite,
Gave him a living, and made him a Knight.

The Second Part of the King and Miller, shewing how he came to Court with his Wife and Son, and what merry Conceits passed between the King and them.

When our Royal R. came home from Notting-
And with his Nobles at Westminster lay, Cham,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane,
In this late progress along by the way :
Of them all great and small he did protest,
The Miller of Man-field's sport liked him best :
And now my Lords, quoth the King, I am determined,
Against St. George's next a sumptuous feast,
That this old Miller our last confirmed Knight,
With his son Richard shall both be my guests,
For in this merriment 'tis my desire,
To talk with the jolly Knight and the young Squire.
When as the Lords saw the King's pleasantness,
They were right joyful and glad in their hearts,
A Pursevant there was sent straight on the business,
The which had often times been in those parts :
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message orderly then he did tell :
God save your Majesty, then said the Messenger,
and grant your Lady her heart's desire ;
And to your Son Richard good fortune and happiness
that sweet young Gentleman and gallant young Squire,
Our King greets you all, and thus both say.
You must come to the Court on St. George's day.
Therefore in any case, fail not to be in place.
Twas quoth the Miller, this is an odd jest ;
What should we do there he said, faith I am half afraid.
I doubt (quoth Richard) he hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the Messenger, you do mistake,
Our King he provides a great feast for your sake.
Then said the Miller, Now by my troth, Messenger,
thou hast contemned my Majesty full well :
Hold here's 3 farthings to quit thy great gentleness,
for these happy tidings which thou dost me tell :
Let me see, here's to thee, tell to our King,
We'll wait on his Majesty in every thing.
The Pursevant smiled at their simplicity,
and making many legs took their reward :
And taking then his leave with great humblity,
to the King's Court again he repair'd :
Shewing unto his Grace in each degree,
the Knight's most liberal gift and bounty.
When he was gone away, thus did the Miller say,
here comes expenses and charges indeed, [Cham ;
Now we must needs be hake, though we spend all we
of new garments we have great need :
Of hawks and serving-men we must have store,
With hounds and saddles, and twenty things more.
Tush, Sir John, quoth his Wife, never fret nor frow,
you shall be at no more charges for me,
for I will turn an trim up my old russet gown,
with every thing as fine as may be :
And on our mill-horses full swift we will ride,
With p' Hous and pannels as we shall provide.
In this most stately sort, rode they unto the Court,
their jolly Son Richard foremost of all,
who set up by good hap, a cock's feather in his cap,
and so they setted down towards the King's Hall :
The merry old Miller with his hands on his side,
the like the maid Partisan did mince at that side,

The King and his Nobles, that heard of his coming,
meeting this gallant Knight with his brave train,
Welcome Sir R. quoth he, with this your gay Lady,
good Sir John Cockle, once welcome again ;
And so is this Squire of courage so free.
Quoth Dick, Abate on you, do you know me ?
Quoth our King gently, How should I forget thee ?
thou wast my own best-fellow well that I wot :
But I think of a trick, tell me that, prettier Dick,
how thou with farting did'st make the hen hot ?
Thou who's son happy Knave, then quoth the Knight,
Speak cleanly to our King or else go home.
The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh'd at this,
while the King took them both by the hand ;
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of
the Miller's Wife did so orderly stand, [Spades,
A silk-maid's courtship at every word,
And down the folks were set at the side-board :
Where the King royally, in princely majesty,
sat at his dinner with joy and delight ;
When they had eaten well, to jesting then they fell,
taking a bowl of wine drank to the Knight :
Here's to you both, he said, in wine, ale and beer,
Thanking you all for your country cheer.
Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a bottle,
we'll drink the best ale in Nottinghamshire.
But then said our King, I do think of a thing,
some of your light-foot I would we had here.
Ho, ho, quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eat it, and then to betray it.
Why art thou angry ? quoth our King merrily,
in faith I take it very unkind ; [heartily.
I thought thou would'st pledge me in ale and wine.
You're like to say, quoth Dick, till I have din'd,
You feed us with swatling dishes so small,
Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.
Ay, marry, quoth our King, that were a dainty thing,
if a man could get one here for to eat.
Which that Dick arose, and pluckt one out of his hole,
which with heat of his breech began for to sweat :
The King made a proffer to snatch it away,
'Tis meat for your Master, good Sir you must stay !
Thus in great merriment, was the time wholly spent,
and then the Ladies prepared to dance,
Old Sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent,
unto this practice the King did advance ;
Here with the Ladies such sport they did make,
The Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ache.
Many thanks for their pains, did the King give them,
asking young Richard if he would be wed,
Among these Ladies too, tell me which liketh thee :
Quoth he, Judge Gumbol with the red head ;
She's my love, she's my life, she will I wed,
She hath sworn I shall have her maiden-head.
Then Sir John Cockle, the King call'd unto him,
and of merry Sherwood made him Over-see,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly,
And now take heed you steal no more of my deer :
And once a quarter let's here have your brew,
And thus Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

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